

heere's that shall drue some of them to a non-come, on-  
ly got the learned writer to set downe our excommuni-  
cation, and meet me at the laile.

## Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedicke,  
Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Friar Francis, be briefe, onely to the  
plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their par-  
ticular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Friar, you come to mar-  
rie her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this  
Count.

Hero. I doe.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment  
why you should not be conioyned, I charge you on your  
soules to vtter it.

Clau. Know you anie, Hero?

Hero. None my Lord.

Friar. Know you anie, Count?

Clau. I dare make his answer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what  
men daily do!

Bene. How now! interdictions? why then, some be  
of laughing, as ha, ha, he, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Friar, father, by your leaue,  
Will you with free and unconstrained soule  
Giue me this maid your daughter?

Leo. As freely sonne as God did giue her me.

Clau. And what haue I to giue you back, whose worth  
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:  
There Leonato, take her backe againe.

Clau. Giue not this rotten Orange to your friend,  
Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour:  
Behold how like a maid she blushes heere!

O what authoritie and shew of truth  
Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall!  
Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence,  
To witness simple Vertue? would you not sweare  
All you that see her, that she were a maide,  
By these exterior shewes? But she is none:  
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:  
Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,

Not to knit my soule to an approued wanton.

Leo. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooffe,  
Haue vanquish't the resistance of her youth,  
And made defeat of her virginity.

Clau. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne  
You will say, she did embrace me as a husband,  
And so extenuate the forehead sinne: No Leonato,  
I neuer tempted her with word too large,  
But as a brother to his sister, shew'd  
Bashfull sinceritie and comely loue.

Hero. And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,  
You seeme to me as Diane in her Orbe,

As chaste as is the budd ere it be blowne:

But you are more intemperate in your blood,  
Than Venus, or those pampred animals,

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leo. Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Prin. What should I speake? I am not good.

I stand dishonour'd that haue gone about  
To linke my deare friend to a common stale.

Leo. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?

Is this face Heroes? are our eyes our owne?

Leo. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but moue one question to your daugh-  
ter, and by that fatherly and kindly power,

That you haue in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me how am I beset?

What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Clau. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name  
With any iust reproach?

Clau. Marry that can Hero,

Hero's selfe can blot out Hero's vertue.

What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,  
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prin. Why then you are no maiden.

Leonato. I am forty you must heare: vpon mine honor,  
My selfe, my brother, and this griened Count  
Did see her, heere heere, at that howre last night,  
Talkt with a ruffian at her chamber window,  
Who hath indeed most like a libell villaine,  
Confest the vile encounters they haue had  
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie; they are not to be named my Lord,  
Not to be spoken of.

There is not chastitie enough in language,  
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady  
I am sorry for thy much misgouernment.

Clau. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou bene  
If halfe thy outward graces had bene placed  
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?

But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell  
Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,  
For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,  
And on my ele-lids shall Coniecture hang,  
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme;  
And neuer shall it more be gracious.

Leo. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Bast. Why how now coffin, wherefore sink you down?

Bast. Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light,  
Smother her spirits vp.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Bast. Dead I thinke, helpe vncke.

Hero, why Hero? Vncle, Signor Benedicke, Friar.

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,  
Death is the fairest couer for her shame  
That may be wish't for.

Beat. How

Beat. How now coffin Hero?

Friar. Haue comfort, Ladie.

Leo. I doth thou looke vp?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leo. Wherefore? Why doth not euer earthly thing  
Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie

The storie that is printed in her blood?

Do not like Hero, do not open thine eyes

For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,

My selfe would on the reward of reproaches  
Strike at thy life. Gric'd I, I had but one?

Child I; for that at frugal Natures frame

O one too much by thee: why had I one?

Why euer was't thou touch'd in my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand  
Tooke up a beggars issue at my gates,

Who smect'd thus, and mix'd with infamie,  
I might haue said, no part of it is mine;

This shame deuines it selfe from vnknowne loines;  
But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on mine so much,  
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:

Valewing of her, why she, O she is false  
Into a pit of Inke; that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,  
And salt too little, which may season giue  
To her foule tainted flesh.

Bene. Sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired  
in wonder, I know not what to say.

Bene. O on my soule my coffin is belied.

Bene. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?

Bene. No truly: not although vnill last night,  
I haue this twelue month bin her bedfellow.

Leo. Confirmd, confirmd, O that is stronger made  
Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.

Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie,  
Who lou'd her so, that speaking of her foulness,  
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so  
long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by no-  
ting of the Ladie, I haue mark't.

A thousand blushing apparitions,  
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,  
In Angel whiteneffe beare away those blushes,  
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire  
To burne the errors that these Princes hold  
Against her maiden truth: Call me a foole, I  
Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,  
Which with experimental seale doth warrant  
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,  
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,  
If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,  
Vnder some biting error.

Leo. Friar, it cannot be.

Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,  
Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,  
A signe of periury, she not denies it:  
Why seek'st thou then to couer with excuse,  
That which appears in proper nakednesse?

Friar. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:  
If I know more of any man aliue

Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,  
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy: O my Father,  
Proue you that any man with me concern'd,

At houres vnmeet, or the

Maintain'd the change of

Refuse me, hate me, tortu

Friar. There is some stran

Bene. Two of them hau

And if their wisedomes be

The practise of it liues in

Whose spirits coile in fran

Leo. I know not: if the

These hands shall reare her

The proudest of them shal

Time hath not yet so drie

Nor age so eate vp my inue

Nor Fortune made such ha

Nor my bad life rest me so

But they shall finde, awak

Both strength of limbe, and

Ability in meanes, and cho

To quit me of them throug

Friar. Pause awhile:

And let my counsell sway y

Your daughter heere the P

Let her awhile be secretly

And publish it, that she is

Maintaine a mourning offe

And on your Families old

Hang mournfull Epitaphes

That appertaine vnto a but

Leo. What shall beco

Friar. Marry this wel ear

Change slander to remorse

But not for that dream'd I o

But on this trauaile looke f

She dying, as it must be so

Vpon the instant that she w

Shall be lamented, pittied,

Of euer hearer: for it so fa

That what we haue, we pri

Whiles we enjoy it; but b

Why then we racke the val

The vertue that possession

Whiles it was ours, so wil

When he shal heare she dy

Th Idea of her life shal swe

Into his study of imaginat